

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

The Poultry Yard.

New Blood in Poultry.

The Poultry Yard.

New Blood in Poultry.

E.C. KIDNEY BLOOD REMEDY
A BOTTLE, SIX FOR \$5 TRY IT TO-DAY

FARGO & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

To send a day. Samples worth \$3.15 free
Live and under hooters feet. We to Brew-
ster Safety Rein Sailer Co. Holly Mew

Mr. Webster which to get tre

brother here 11 years ago. They exist there. The peaches, and the

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• *Staphylococcus aureus* (100%)

Poetry.

THE OLD-FASHIONED COFFEE MILL.

When you're just 'bout half awake,
An' the roller poundin' steak
Makes a noise 'at almost drowns—
All them other kitchen sounds,
One of 'em, 'at's 'at fav'rite,
Taint no old melody.
"Days of Absence," "Bony Doo,"
Nor them other tunes we sung
Long ago when we was young;
But it's that more sweet sound,
When the coffee's ached and browned,
Mother's grinding it to kill
From the old-time coffee mill.

When you're just 'bout half asleep,
He's the early robin peep.
An' your soul a sa'llin' goes
In a sort of dreamy daze.
Fleatly round, an' round, an' round
On that palpitatin' sound,
Dreams of butterflies in hocks,
Sippin' pink an' hollyhocks,
Take you back to that sweet time
When your life was like a rhyme,
An' you didn't have to do
Only what you wanted to;
Then your thoughts 'll flutter still
Round that old-time coffee mill.

Seems like that low, rumblin' noise,
"Way down stairs," 'at waked us boys,
Set us all to thinkin' things,
Like old songs 'at rings, an' rings
Thro' your head, an' won't be still;
"A boy's will is the wind's will."
An' his thoughts is long, long thoughts.
An' we talked of love an' life
Of grand things we s'posed we'd do,
An' kept wishin' they'd come true.
Oh, them joys we used to feel;
How time's mashed 'em with his heel,
Like the broken grains 'at fill
That old-fashioned coffee mill.

Them was jolly times we had,
An' it makes me feel right bad
When I look around an' see
None of them old joys but me;
An' I'm gittin' on, I s'pose,
Just like all the others does,
For there's none of 'em, you see,
Measured up to our ideas,
For time's hopper holds us all,
And he grinds things mighty small,
So 'at he who gives the 'ell
Has to live a sight o' gruel,
Like the flints we used to sp'ill
In that old-time coffee mill.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Beneath evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tale of moving seems to sail,
To me that lie down old;
To me that lie down old;
To me that lie down old;
To me that lie down old;
To me that lie down old;
To me that lie down old;
To me that lie down old;

Miscellaneous.

A FASHIONABLE PHILANTHROPIST.

Mrs. Jane Maria Trucelle was a most charitable lady. Out of the very considerable wealth which the late lamented Sum Trucelle had left her she contrived to spare a good deal for what she considered deserving objects. Unfortunately, however, the direction of her charity was largely influenced by feelings other than those of pure benevolence, and, consequently, what she considered deserving objects were often hardly those that excited the sympathy of the unbiased philanthropist.

The feelings which had most influence in directing or misdirecting her charity were those she was pleased to entertain on politics. To be sure, she knew nothing in the world about politics. That, however, did not prevent—perhaps, indeed, it rather assisted—her being a tremendous Tory. She was a Primrose dame of high degree, a liberal subscriber to every anti-liberal undertaking, a bitter despiser of all parties and persons whom smart people consider "low," and a profound and ecstatic admirer of that fashionable society about the portlous of which she was delighted to move.

Her political ideas acted on her charitable feelings in this way. They made her very careless about the sorrows and miseries of the real poor, and very attentive to every cry of distress raised by the unhappy wealthy classes. Reports of destitution in the east of London, or of famine among the cotters of the west of Ireland, moved her very little; but when she heard lord this or lady that dilating on the woes of the money lenders and exploiters of Egypt, or of the rack renters and extortionists of Ireland, she was quite overcome with sympathy and sorrow for their troubles, and ready to subscribe any amount to assist them in their cause.

It was the morning following the final meeting for the season of one of these committees—one for the protection of Irish landowners—and Mrs. Trucelle was seated at her breakfast reading the annual report. In it her name was several times mentioned—and mentioned, too, in connection with those of two duchesses, one marchioness, three countesses and various other ladies of lesser title. As the widow read she could not help feeling, with a benevolent glow on her face, that, after all, virtue is its own reward.

She had just finished the report, and was sitting reflecting how she could further show her devotion to so deserving a cause, when her meditations were interrupted by the advent of the butler. He brought her a gentleman's card. Astonished at such a very early visit, Mrs. Trucelle took the card, and, putting on her spectacles, read the name on it.

"Mr. Eustace Burke," she said. "Who is this person, Soker? I never heard of him before."

"Don't know, ma'am," replied Soker. "He says he was to see you on very important business."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Trucelle. "That's very strange. What does he look like?"

"Oh, very genteel, ma'am. Looks like

a gentleman a little bit down in the world."

The amiable Soker was a shrewd judge of character and his mistress put great reliance upon the estimate he formed of strangers and acquaintances.

"Well, I'll see him. He's in the library, I suppose?"

"Yes, ma'am."

When Mrs. Trucelle entered the library she found that Mr. Eustace Burke answered very well to her butler's description of him. He was a tall, rather handsome man, with, in spite of a threadbare coat and an appearance of poverty, a certain air of distinction about him. His manners, too, were refined and high bred. The bow he gave Mrs. Trucelle as she entered the room was so dignified and at the same time so pathetic that the good lady's heart quite melted toward him. She saw at once that he was just the sort of person she always pitied—the person who, after having lived for years on other people's money, is now reduced to the sad necessity of trying to live by his own.

After a formal greeting the stranger spoke:

"I trust, Mrs. Trucelle," he said, "that you will forgive the liberty that I, a complete stranger to you, have taken in daring to call on you. I assure you that nothing but your reputation for kindness to the unfortunate is to blame. If you will be benevolent and generous to those who have had disasters in the world's struggle, you must expect, Mrs. Trucelle, occasionally to have a miserable being like myself appealing to you for assistance."

Mr. Eustace Burke said this in such a nice, flattering way that Mrs. Trucelle's already good opinion of him was considerably enhanced.

"I am always ready, sir," she said, "to assist, as far as my means allow, persons deserving sympathy."

"I know it, madam," answered Mr. Burke, "but the assistance I want from you is not pecuniary assistance; I merely want your help to put me into a position where I can earn my bread."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Trucelle, still more favorably impressed. "May I ask for a little information as to your antecedents and claims?"

"Certainly, madam," answered Mr. Burke with a sigh, "although the subject is to me a most painful one. I belong to that unfortunate class of men, Irish landlords. I still nominally possess a considerable estate near Ballymuckwack, and I am cousin to Lord Grabmore, that neighborhood, of whom, perhaps, you have heard."

"Oh, yes," put in Mrs. Trucelle quickly. "I met him once at a Primrose league meeting."

"Ah," said Mr. Burke with satisfaction, "then we are not quite such strangers after all. When I called at your door I little knew that you and my distinguished relative were friends."

"Well," said Mrs. Trucelle, blushing a little at the idea of being thought a friend of the great Lord Grabmore. "Well, we're hardly friends."

"At least, acquaintances," said Mr. Burke. "But to resume, madam. Some years ago my income from that estate was counted in thousands; to-day I don't receive from it a penny. My wife, who once had her carriage and footman, is now actually in want of bread."

"Dreadful, dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Trucelle.

"You may well say so, madam. We have neither bread to eat nor a roof to cover us. It is in this fearful state that, as a last resort, I have come to you to assist me to obtain a place where I can earn enough to keep body and soul together."

And Mr. Burke, as he spoke, nearly sobbed with emotion.

"Mr. Burke, you may rely on me," cried Mrs. Trucelle. "What sort of a place would you like?"

"Madam, your kindness overpowers me," said Mr. Burke in a broken voice, "and yet it is what I should have expected. Madam, I was brought up a gentleman, and so know none of the vulgar ways of earning a livelihood. The places I am capable of filling are only humble ones. I can think of one only. Many people of fashion—yourself, probably, among the number—will soon be leaving town. Caretakers will be wanted to look after the houses. Do you think you could get any of the nobility or gentry of your acquaintance to accept the services of myself and wife in this direction?"

"Certainly, Mr. Burke, most certainly," said Mrs. Trucelle. "As you guess, I'm leaving town myself—for my house at Hastings—and taking my servant with me. I usually get a policeman to live here when I'm away, but I shall only be too happy to have you and your wife instead."

Mr. Eustace Burke overpowered the good lady with fervent thanks. He assured her over and over again that she had saved him and his poor wife from absolute starvation, and that he never could, should or would forget her kindness to him. Then at last he rose to go.

It was only now that she was about to leave that it occurred to Mrs. Trucelle that she was acting with hardly her usual prudence. In her charitable haste to help the distinguished paper she had quite forgotten to ask him for references to show that he was as distinguished as he said. She had heard a good deal in her lengthened experience of the world of rogues who were very clever at passing themselves off as gentlemen, and, in spite of her own and her butler's opinion to the contrary, Mr. Burke might not be the broken-down aristocrat he seemed to be and said he was. Now, however, that she and he had, as it were, become acquainted, she felt rather embarrassed about asking him for references of character; it seemed like throwing doubt on his truthfulness and honor. Still she felt that it must be done. As, therefore, he moved toward the door she said, in a hesitating way:

"But, Mr. Burke, perhaps you would be so kind—And with this she came to a full stop.

Mr. Burke, in a moment, perceived what she meant and came to her relief.

"Oh, I understand, madam," he said, with a smile. "How stupid of me to be sure, not to have thought of it before! Of course, you want references to prove to you that I am a man I represent myself to be and that my story's true. I think I have letters with me that will satisfy you on both points."

"Oh, very gentle, ma'am. Looks like

ing the whole thing looked suspicious, Mr. Gilles this morning, without waiting for instructions, asked the police to look into the affair.

"He was quite right," cried Mrs. Trucelle, much excited. "And I'll go off this minute and have the Burkes arrested; they are evidently a couple of rascally swindlers!"

"But, madam, Mr. Gilles told me to ask you to wait until he returned," said the managing clerk.

"I'm quite able to take care of myself, thanks," cried Mrs. Trucelle, thereby doing herself little more than justice.

Accordingly away the good lady drove to her house to bring the Burkes to book. When she reached it she found it as the managing clerk had described. Foaming with rage, Mrs. Trucelle jumped out of the cab and rushed up the steps.

She rang the bell violently; there was no answer. She was about to pull it a third time, when a hand was placed on her shoulder. She turned around indignantly.

"What do you want, sir?" she said to the person who had taken the liberty.

"I mean, ma'am," replied the fellow with mock deference, "that the old man has bolted. He got wind that we were on his track and cut his stick. It was mean of him to save his own skin and leave you."

"Leave me," exclaimed Mrs. Trucelle. "I don't understand."

"I mean, ma'am," said the man, "that the cove you call your husband has bolted, but that you won't get the chance of doing the same. I arrest you for obtaining from Messrs. Clinker & Co., bankers, possession of Mrs. Trucelle's jewels by means of a forged letter."

Mrs. Trucelle stood dumfounded for a moment or two.

"Do you know, sir," she then said, "that I myself am Mrs. Trucelle?"

"No, I don't," said the detective, "but I know that you have been passing yourself off as her, and that you've contrived to swindle a good many folks in that way. You'd better come along quietly now that the game is up."

"But I am Mrs. Trucelle!" cried the poor lady, desperately.

"Now, there's no use making a disturbance. We know what we're about. Mrs. Trucelle is at Hastings."

"But I came up from there this morning!" pleaded Mrs. Trucelle.

"All right, replied the detective. "You can tell the magistrate that, but, meanwhile, you must come along with me."

"I shall be disgraced for life," sobbed Mrs. Trucelle.

"Very likely—not to say imprisoned," replied the callous constable.

And before Mrs. Trucelle knew what was happening she was hurried back to the cab she had just left and driven off to Grape street police court. There, in spite of all her remonstrances, she was placed in a cell among a number of women of queer character and queer manners until the magistrate could hear the charge against her, and by the time she was brought into court the poor lady was so overcome that she could scarcely speak.

The detective stated the charge against her—that she and another person not in custody, by falsely representing themselves to be Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Burke, had got themselves appointed caretakers of Mrs. Trucelle's town residence, and that while there they had, by means of a forged order, purporting to be written by Mrs. Trucelle, induced Messrs. Clinker & Co., her bankers, to send her jewels to the house, where they made away with them. The detective pledged himself to prove not only this charge, but quite a multitude of others nearly as grave. Among these latter were several bad cases of defrauding tradesmen and jewelers, and by representing herself to be Mrs. Trucelle, and getting them to forward valuable goods to the house for approval, none of which goods were ever returned. There were also charges of obtaining money from numbers of public persons—the Marquis of Gooseberry down—by means of begging letters. In conclusion, the detective asked the magistrate for a day's remand, until he could collect his witnesses and communicate with Mrs. Trucelle, who, he understood, was at present living at Hastings.

"Certainly, sergeant," replied the magistrate. "Remanded till to-morrow."

"But, sir," cried Mrs. Trucelle desperately, "I am Mrs. Trucelle!"

"What does she say?" asked the magistrate.

"She says she is Mrs. Trucelle, your worship," answered the detective.

"Is she quite right in her head?" asked the magistrate.

Mrs. Trucelle was just being carried off screaming when Mr. Gilles rushed into court. Reaching his office, and finding that his client had gone alone to her house, he time being arrested and taken off to Grape street. When, after some difficulty, Mr. Gilles discovered this he followed post haste to explain the blunder.

Mrs. Trucelle was liberated, of course, with many apologies; but her jewels and the robes who stole them have been seen no more. It turned out that they were a pair of well-known sharpers and begging letter writers, for whom the police had been on the lookout for some time. The real Eustace Burke, Mrs. Trucelle has since been designated to discover, is a penniless drunkard, who after spending all he possessed, now lives on small pension which Lord Grabmore allows him on condition that he never comes to England.—London Truth.

The Benefits of High License.

Mo-ho—"Our boy is out late at nights."

Father—"Well, we must tax the saloons \$50."

"Husband, I believe John drinks."

"We must put up that tax to \$100."

"My dear husband, our boy is being ruined."

"Try 'em awhile at \$200."

"O, my God! my boy came home drunk."

"Well, well, we must make it \$300."

"Just think, William, our boy in jail!"

"I'll fix those saloons. Tax 'em \$400."

"My poor child is a confirmed drunkard."

"Up with that tax and make it \$500."

"Our once noble boy is a wreck."

"Now I will stop 'em; make it \$600."

"We carry our poor boy to a drunkard's grave to-day."

"Well, I declare! we must regulate this traffic; we ought to have made that tax \$1,000.—Chicago Advance.

Emin Pasha's Remarkable Career.

The distinguished individual alluded to is named Eduard Schnitzer, and was born in Oppel, in the province of Silesia, Eastern Prussia, on March 28, 1840. He attended medical lectures at Vienna, in Paris and Berlin, and graduated in medicine in the latter city during the session of 1863-4. He practiced his profession for a while in Constantinople and Syria, receiving the appointment of surgeon on the staff of Ismail Haki, Pasha of Scutaria. In 1876 he went to Egypt and offered his services to the Khedive, Ismail, who ordered him to report for duty to the governor-general of the Sudan, at Khartoum. In accepting this service, in accordance with Egyptian custom he dropped his German name and assumed that of Emin, "The Faithful One." General Gordon, then in command, appointed Emin governor-general with the rank of Effendi. In 1877 General Gordon sent Dr. Emin, or Emin Effendi, as he was then known, on a diplomatic mission to the powerful rulers of Uyo and Kagega, on the great lakes at the end of the Nile, which he executed with such skill and ability that during the next year he was given the important military post of supreme executive officer, with the rank of Bey, of the equatorial provinces of Egypt that had been conquered and annexed by Sir Samuel Baker in 1873-4. For twelve years this mild-mannered German student has remained faithful to his duties, almost completely isolated from civilization, still maintaining the authority of the Egyptian government. In the meantime the Khedive promoted him to the rank of Pasha or governor. He was the last remaining of the several officers assigned to hold the Sudan provinces; all the others were routed or massacred by the wild hordes of the Mahdi.—Chicago Journal.

St. Clair Tunnel.

The construction by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of the tunnel under the St. Clair River, between Port Sarnia, Ont., and Port Huron, Mich., has slowly progressed during the past two years. The undertaking has proved to be difficult and expensive, involving immense outlay of money expended in preliminary and experimental work. The length of the tunnel will be 6,800 feet, of which 2,310 feet will be under the river, 2,160 feet under dry land on the Canadian side, and 2,330 feet under dry land in Michigan. Of the portion under the river 1,500 feet will be nearly level. At either end of this part of the tunnel there will be a gradient rising one inch in 50, or at the rate of 105.6 feet per mile, which will be continued through the open cuttings from the approaches. The total length of the ascent at the Canadian end will be 4,970 feet, and at the American end 4,900 feet. The length of the open cutting at the east end of the tunnel will be 3,270 feet, and at the west end 2,300 feet. The depth of the lowest part of the tunnel below the surface of the water will be 88.12 feet. The minimum depth of the top of the tunnel below the bed of the river will be 15 feet. The tunnel will be for single track only. In cross-section it will be circular, with a clear internal diameter of 20 feet. The lining will consist of cast-iron, of which about 6,000 tons have been manufactured and delivered upon the ground ready for use. The construction of the tunnel is being carried on by the company without contractors.

The plant consists of winding engines, ventilating machinery for exhausting foul air, with a capacity of 600,000 cubic feet per hour; steam pumps, with capacity of 5,000 gallons per minute; electric light plant; shields weighing 60 tons each for the protection of the men at work; hydraulic machinery for propelling the shields, with a power of 3,000 tons each. As the work is progressing from both sides of the river all work is in duplicate.

The advantages to be gained by the construction of the tunnel are a reduction of the expense and time of transporting trains, and a degree of regularity in the service not attainable by ferry in consequence of the river being obstructed by ice in winter and by vessels during the season of navigation. The tunnel is being built at this particular point for the following reasons: The comparatively shallow depth of water at the proposed crossing; the tunnel and its approaches can be constructed on the same straight line; the short length of new railway that will be required for all practical purposes; the tunnel approaches connect immediately with the main lines of both the Grand Trunk and the Chicago and Great Trunk railways; the favorable material in the bed of the river, the borings showing that the rock is from 90 to 95 feet below the surface of the river, and that it is overlaid with clay.

The tonnage passing up and down the river is estimated to be nearly five times as much as that passing through the St. Clair Canal. The necessity of a tunnel is shown by the immense amount of traffic that is annually carried on across the St. Clair river in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. During the year ended June 30, 1889, 184,000 through cars and 13,500 local cars were transferred by ferries there, making a total of 197,500 cars that passed over that year. This is an average of over 541 cars per day, including Sundays, or about 22.6 cars per hour, which is equivalent to the crossing of a boatload of cars every forty-eight minutes.

The total cost of the tunnel is estimated at \$2,500,000, of which the company has been granted a subsidy of \$875,000 by the Dominion government. The present pay roll averages about \$9,000 per month. It is expected that this great work will be completed by the last of the year 1890.—Frederic Water.

A London gossip gives the following story as illustrative of Lord Tennyson's "peculiar manners in society." In his early days, when he had no greater horror than that of being lionized, a great lady wished to introduce to the Laureate a musician who had set some of his songs to music. A party was given for the occasion. The Laureate appeared, and the musician sang his songs to him with every power of expression that he knew how to produce. At the end of the performance everybody waited the word of the poet. There was a blank silence. The hostess feared that the songs had not produced a good impression. The silence became agonizing. At length from the corner where Tennyson sat came a voice choking with emotion—"Do you not see that I am weeping?"—N. Y. Tribune.

OKRA.

A New Fibra Likely to Supercede Jute.

There seems to be a strong probability that the plant known as okra (*Abelmoschus esculentus*) will be made to furnish a valuable fiber. The plant grows wild all through the Southern States, and has been known for years to farmers and stock men as capable of producing a very strong fiber, which in Texas and other localities is now used in making larders.

Ten years ago the Department of Agriculture had samples of the plant grown in its greenhouses, and a report was made on the quality of the fiber, but nothing seems to have come of it. Recently, however, the subject has been revived, and the Commissioner of Agriculture of North Carolina, Mr. A. P. Butler, seems to be very confident that a new industry with vast possibilities is about to be opened up. A specimen of the fiber which has been received from Mr. Butler through the department at Washington shows a long, strong, and glossy thread somewhat resembling hemp, though darker in color. The fruit which this okra plant produces is prized as a vegetable, the mucilaginous pods being used for thickening soup and to form a peculiar Southern dish called gumbo. The okra plant is especially adapted to growing in the plant, as the abandoned rice fields and un drained lands generally could be utilized for raising vast quantities of it. Okra is also a native of the West Indies, notably Cuba, where it grows in almost all soils, and is indigenous to Africa, where it grows wild. It is abundant on the White Nile and near the Victoria Nyanza, and has long been naturalized in India, where it is cultivated for its edible pods. The fiber which has been produced abroad is described as long and silky and generally strong and pliant, its breaking strain according to Roxburgh being 79 pounds dry and 95 pounds wet. When well prepared, as in the Southern Presidency of India, it is adapted for the manufacture of rope, twine, sacking and paper. It is used to adulterate jute in Deca and Mysenag. In France the manufacture of paper from the fiber is patented, and here it receives only mechanical treatment and produces a paper called banda, which is said to be equal to that made from pure jute.

It is claimed for the okra that, inasmuch as the wood surrounds the fiber instead of being mixed with it, as in jute, and also that the work of preparation can be done by machinery, the cost of production can be reduced to one cent per pound. Jute can only be profitably produced in countries where manual labor is very cheap, as in India and China, because no machine has been devised for separating the wood from the fiber. Vast quantities of jute are imported by the United States, and it is used in making gunny cloth, cordage, shipping, coat linings, and it is extensively employed in mixing with silk, cotton, and woolen fabrics, and in paper making. It is believed that okra fiber can be substituted for jute in the coarser of these lines of manufacture, and some even claim that it will be found available wherever jute is now employed.

It is easily to be seen from this that if the okra fiber stands the test of further experiment, a new and most important industry will spring into being. The Agricultural Department at Washington states it has not yet been determined how the plant will bear cultivation and propagation, and the department is now gathering the seeds and roots to experiment with next year. As the okra now grows luxuriantly in all parts of the South, the production of it even in the large quantities which would be required in case the fiber comes into general use will not probably prove a serious barrier to progress in this direction, while the well known inventive genius of Americans can be depended upon to devise machinery for preparing the fiber and to make constant improvements upon it.

It is only a few years since the manufacture of oil from cotton seed was commenced, but it has become a great industry. From September 1, 1883, to September 1, 1889, there were exported from New York 88,871 barrels of this oil, and from New Orleans 186,720 barrels. The first recorded attempt to extract the oil was made in Virginia in 1836, and was successful, but it was not commercially experimented with until 1834, when an attempt to manufacture it was made in Louisiana, but did not prove to be profitable. A second attempt and a second failure was made in 1847. During succeeding years new and important improvements were made in the machinery for extracting the oil, and in 1882 the business had become profitable. During previous years cotton seed had been left to rot at the gins, or at best, only occasionally used as a fertilizer. The oil is the most valuable part of the seed, and is used for mixing with lard, in soap making, dressing morocco, softening wool, as well as in pharmacy. The cake which is left after extracting the oil is fed to cattle, and the meal, another element of the residue, is used to enrich the land, and it has been found that for food, and as a fertilizer, these component parts of the cotton seed are more serviceable than was the seed when used whole. Such are the leading characteristics of a great industry which has been built up during the past few years by utilizing the once despised cotton seed, and it may not be too much to expect, in view of these facts, that the okra weed may be made to furnish a fiber which will enter into a great variety of manufactures, and thus become still another element in the diversification of American industries.

A Reminiscence.—Anxious Mother—I am afraid there is something wrong with William. He's out late every night now. Father—He's all right. You'll probably hear of his engagement shortly. Mother—I think he would have to be if that was the reason. Father—That's nothing. Don't you remember that you don't want me to tell, because you said my mother would bin it all over town in less than 24 hours.

DETROIT, MICH., May 31.

F. E. C. MEDICINE CO.—An cheerfully recommend your F. E. C. as the "boss" medicine for kidney complaint. Two bottles have cured me, and I have ordered five bottles to be sent to my wife, who is suffering from kidney trouble.

ABRAHAM SMITH, State Agent Equitable Accident Association, of Birmingham, N. Y.

HE SHOT SALT INTO THEM.

Then He Founded the Amateur White Caps with a Mighty Club.

This is a tale of the Maine white caps, Thomas Benton Smith, of Oxford, Me., is over six feet in height and broad in proportion, with bones like rods of steel and muscles like bundles of wire.

Unlike most men of large stature, he delights in strife. He was one of the bravest veterans who followed Grant all through the terrible struggles of the wilderness. In this neighborhood are a number of wild but good hearted young men who had read blood-curdling accounts of the white caps in the daily papers until their own souls began to yearn for a little of the gore. In an abandoned logging camp at midnight the Cumberland county white caps were organized, with many a strange and mystic right. Thomas Benton Smith was selected to be the first victim.

Smith was chopping in the woods on the afternoon before the appointed night, January 22, when a friend came along and told him what was up. When the old veteran heard the news he flung his axe into the woods, leaped into the air, clapped his heels together and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Glory to God!" Then he started for the house capering and talking to himself like a happy boy.

From the old attic he brought down four old Queen Anne muskets, with big barrels. Pouring a handful of powder into one of these, he filled it to the muzzle with rock salt. The others he treated in the same manner. He then went out into his workshop and prepared a dry basswood var club twenty feet long and three inches in diameter. Around one end he wrapped two old bed quilts, tying them on with clothes line.

It was night. Twenty ghostly forms were gliding over the snow towards the residence of Thomas Benton Smith. Long whitecaps concealed their forms and heads, small holes were for eyes and mouth. Two of these phantom-like forms carried a bucket of warm, steaming tar; two held old pillows full of feathers under their arms; another bore a strong rail on his shoulders; the others held bundles of switches in their hands. The ghostly band halted a few feet from the front door. Two of them glided noiselessly around to the back of the house.

Never from the gathering shower-clouds did the lurid lightning flash and stream with such swift and spiteful fury as the old Queen Anne muskets flamed upon that ghostly scene. Flash followed flash with such startling rapidity that all blended together in one blinding glare of angry light. This was followed by a yell as blood-curdling as if all the wild animals in Barum's circus had broken loose at once. Towards these astounded White Caps, with flying leaps, came an appalling figure, magnified by the darkness and their own terrors. In his hands this figure bore a war-club that looked like the trunk of some great forest tree. Beside this terrible war-club Goliath's famous spear would have been like a straw in the hands of a child.

"Going to soak the old man in hot tar, ar' ye?" screamed the figure, as the huge war-club swung against the foremost White Cap with such force that the affrighted wretch shot up into the air and over the fence as if fired from a cannon. Three of his followers shared a similar fate, but the rest escaped. "Hold on, boys, hold on!" he shouted. "I ain't got half enough; I ain't fairly warmed up yet. Come back!" The only answer was the sound of men running as for their lives.

Next day a huge grave could be seen on this now famous spot. On it were piled two buckets of tar. At the head of the grave rose a rude stone, shaped from white boards nailed together. On the stone, in bold, black letters was rudely painted:

to the memory of the Cumberland County White Caps. Erected by one who loved them like a brother; who would have gathered them to his bosom even as a hen gathers her brood in a shower; but they would not wait. Requiescat in peace.

Oddities of Etiquette.

In Sweden if you address the poorest person on the street you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading-room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady is a grave and objectionable familiarity. Never touch the person; it is sacred, is one of their proverbs. In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. For a Spaniard to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visit or sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor. No Turk will enter a sitting-room of a dirty shoe. The upper classes wear tight-fitting shoes, with goshaws over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.—London Wit and Wisdom.

BRECKEN'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous

HE SHOT SALT INTO THEM.

Then He Founded the Amateur White Caps with a Mighty Club.

This is a tale of the Maine white caps, Thomas Benton Smith, of Oxford, Me., is over six feet in height and broad in proportion, with bones like rods of steel and muscles like bundles of wire.

Unlike most men of large stature, he delights in strife. He was one of the bravest veterans who followed Grant all through the terrible struggles of the wilderness. In this neighborhood are a number of wild but good hearted young men who had read blood-curdling accounts of the white caps in the daily papers until their own souls began to yearn for a little of the gore. In an abandoned logging camp at midnight the Cumberland county white caps were organized, with many a strange and mystic right. Thomas Benton Smith was selected to be the first victim.

Smith was chopping in the woods on the afternoon before the appointed night, January 22, when a friend came along and told him what was up. When the old veteran heard the news he flung his axe into the woods, leaped into the air, clapped his heels together and shouted at the top of his lungs, "Glory to God!" Then he started for the house capering and talking to himself like a happy boy.

From the old attic he brought down four old Queen Anne muskets, with big barrels. Pouring a handful of powder into one of these, he filled it to the muzzle with rock salt. The others he treated in the same manner. He then went out into his workshop and prepared a dry basswood var club twenty feet long and three inches in diameter. Around one end he wrapped two old bed quilts, tying them on with clothes line.

It was night. Twenty ghostly forms were gliding over the snow towards the residence of Thomas Benton Smith. Long whitecaps concealed their forms and heads, small holes were for eyes and mouth. Two of these phantom-like forms carried a bucket of warm, steaming tar; two held old pillows full of feathers under their arms; another bore a strong rail on his shoulders; the others held bundles of switches in their hands. The ghostly band halted a few feet from the front door. Two of them glided noiselessly around to the back of the house.

Never from the gathering shower-clouds did the lurid lightning flash and stream with such swift and spiteful fury as the old Queen Anne muskets flamed upon that ghostly scene. Flash followed flash with such startling rapidity that all blended together in one blinding glare of angry light. This was followed by a yell as blood-curdling as if all the wild animals in Barum's circus had broken loose at once. Towards these astounded White Caps, with flying leaps, came an appalling figure, magnified by the darkness and their own terrors. In his hands this figure bore a war-club that looked like the trunk of some great forest tree. Beside this terrible war-club Goliath's famous spear would have been like a straw in the hands of a child.

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THE LITTLE KING.

A little face to look at,
A little face to look at,
That's half so sweet as this!

A little cheek to dimple,
When smiles begin to grow,
A little mouth to betray
Which way the kisses go.

A slender little ringlet,
A rosy little ear,
A little chin to quiver
When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile,
All through the night to hold,
Two little feet so tender,
To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam
That with the shadow plays—
A darling little baby
To kiss and love always.

—Leeds Mercury.

DURING THE WAR.

Two Incidents in the Career of an Express Messenger.

In the First the Robbers Got Badly Left,
and in the Second We Came Out
Best in a Whole Lot of Shoot-
ing-Irons.

Even in these days of peace, with every money-hander armed for defense and surrounded by every safeguard, banks are "touched," stages held up, express cars robbed, and the highway robber and the horse thief have no complaints of lack of business. This being the case now, you can imagine the state of affairs during the war, even though you were not a living witness. Along about 1863 the bad men of the times reaped a constant harvest. Money was abundant, every day full of excitement, and embezzlers and absconders outnumbered honest men. And, too, banks, express companies and other big money-handlers were green to many of the tricks and schemes, and the idea of buying a revolver for an express messenger out of company funds would have been voted down instantly. I was at that time myself, and if he pulled through he was a good fellow. If he didn't, it was looked upon as "an act of Providence."

My first adventure occurred while making the run between Cincinnati and St. Louis. I had been on the road about six weeks and the business was so heavy that we had to have an extra man. While I took charge of the money, he looked after the parcels and boxes, and we had a whole car to ourselves. My assistant was named John Goodhue, and he had been one of the check clerks in the freight department of the Cincinnati office. He was an easy-going, good-natured man of forty, much given to taking things easy, but as he was the only man the company could or would spare I had to take him as I found him and make the best of it. Whenever we pulled out of either city we were very busy for the first half hour. I was at the window, and he was properly checked off, and accounted for in the line of money and valuables, and then assisted him if he was not already through. It thus sometimes happened that I was busy at my safe in the corner for the first twenty miles out and that little or no conversation was exchanged between us.

On this particular evening Goodhue was ten minutes late at the train, but he took hold with unusual spirit, and when the stuff was all in we had the car pretty well filled. I was at my safe when the train pulled out and I heard Goodhue moving about and going through the usual routine. We had nothing to put off until we reached a farm thirty miles away and then it was something in the line of freight. I therefore took things easy and was smoking as I did my work. I had on that night, in addition to my own safe and \$20,000, a paymaster's safe which contained nearly a quarter of a million. My own safe was in the middle of the car, and I received a blow on the head from behind. It fell upon the left side of my head and glanced to the shoulder, but it knocked me over sideways in a heap on the floor. I was not stunned, but it came to me in a second to "play possum." Even while falling I realized that it was a plan to rob the car, and I wondered who Goodhue had behind him. I rolled over on my back, and groaned two or three times and then I heard a voice say: "Come out, Jim—he's settled!"

It was the voice of the man who had struck me, but not the voice of Goodhue. I heard a second man come forward, and then the plot was exposed. Neither was Goodhue, and both were strangers.

"Guess you're done for me, Tom," said the last comer as he stood over me. "Can't help it, Jim—he'd had given us a fight if I hadn't. Now then, we've got things coopered. In five minutes we shall be at Blankville. There's nothing to go off, but I'll open the door. Sit here on the safe."

The whistle blew, the train slowed up, and pretty soon we were at a standstill. The robber opened the sliding door and stood as cool as you please for two or three minutes, and I heard him reply to the agent that he was nothing to go off. As soon as the train pulled out he shut the door and came over and said:

"Open the other door. Five miles from here is the stretch of woods, and we must be ready to dump the safe at the word."

My revolver was under me, in its holster, and I was helpless. The first move I made would have brought them upon me, and they would have been certain to make sure of me if it was. I had to let them carry out their plan, but I was forming another. The stretch of woods was two miles long, and between Blankville and the next stop was a distance of eighteen miles. The two small stations between were not on the time card. The train sped along at a rate of forty miles an hour, and pretty soon it was at the end of the car, set the brake, and pulled the bell cord. That was what they did, but I did not wait to see or hear it. They were no sooner clear of the car than I rose up and took a flying leap straight into the darkness after that money. There was a long pile of gravel on that side, and I struck into this, turned over and over half a dozen times, and finally brought up in a potato patch on the railroad strip, badly shaken up, but not a bone broken. The engine was whistling for a mile away, and as soon as I could free my mouth and eyes of dirt I started down the ditch. I found the first safe on the edge of the ditch, and the second a hundred feet away beside a stump. I dragged mine down to the paymaster's then got out my revolver

and hid behind the stump, and pretty soon I heard the fellows coming down the track. They had brought the train almost to a standstill, and then signaled it to go ahead and jumped. They were hunting along the ditch as they came, and I waited until they were within five rods before I opened fire and shouted: "Here they are, boys; shoot them down!"

They didn't stand for a second, but went off as fast as they could heel it, follow: by my bullets, and half an hour later I had the safe aboard of a freight train. An investigation proved that Goodhue was blind drunk on that night. He had accepted an offer to drink with a stranger, and had been plied with liquor until he fell down on the street. The robbers must have known him well, and have also been familiar with our way of working. Who they were we never knew.

In November, 1864, when I began the run between St. Louis and Chicago, there was scarcely a week that something did not occur to arouse my suspicions. The theft of the money went South, but there was always enough on either run to tempt a robber to take desperate chances. I had a middle-aged, steady-going man as assistant, and it would have had to be a sharp man who could get the better of him. Now and then, when we were carrying big money for some army contractor, he was allowed to send a man along to act as a special guard. These men were generally Chicago detectives or police, and they rode on an order prepared by the Chicago superintendent. One afternoon about two hours before train time, and while I was at the office, a military-looking man, who claimed to be a paymaster, entered and arranged to express his safe to St. Louis. His contents were said to be up to \$300,000, and he applied for permission to send two trusty soldiers along in the car. I heard this much without having taken any special interest in the case. When we came to receive our stuff from the wagons there was a paymaster's safe, and a little later on a man dressed in the uniform of a sergeant of infantry and accompanied by a private soldier presented an order permitting them to ride in our car as a guard.

While every thing was regular, I did not like the looks of the men. They seemed to me to be tough characters, and when I got a chance to speak to Graham, my assistant, I found that he had entertained the same opinion and had become suspicious. I therefore gave them the other end of the car and whispered to Graham that we must keep our eyes open. The first thing I did after the train pulled out was to place our revolvers in the car, and as we worked over our way-bills we kept a weather eye open for signs. For a time it looked as if we had done the men an injustice. One took a seat on the safe and the other in a chair. Each lighted a cigar, and their conversation, as we overheard a word now and then, related to military matters and was honest and straight. When Graham and I had finished our work we sat down at the end of the car and the quartet of us rode in this fashion, with only a break now and then, as we stopped at a station and put off something billed there.

Our longest run was between midnight and one o'clock. We then passed three or four small stations without stopping, making the run about nineteen miles. If the men were not what they represented they would show their hands during this run. They appeared to be sound asleep when we entered upon it, and Graham, who was near me, was nodding in his chair. They had the end of the car next to the engine, and all of a sudden, while I was looking at them from under the vizor of my cap, both arose, stretched themselves, and as the sergeant started for my end of the car the other unlocked the door and admitted two men. Things moved like lightning. Both of us saw what was up, and as we sprang to our feet every man in that car began shooting. I saw the men who had been sitting in the car, and I saw a bullet wound in the left arm, a rake across the cheek, and a bullet hole in my cap. Graham had an ear split by a bullet, and another embedded in his shoulder and the car was in darkness. I struck a match, lighted a candle, and found that we were alone. Not exactly alone, but safe from further attack. The sergeant lay down on his back, shot through the head, and beyond him was one of the men who had been admitted, so near dead that he gasped his last as we raised him up. The door was open, and the other two had leaped from the platform. One of them at least was badly wounded, as a trail of blood proved.

The train had made its run by the time we had sized up the situation, and a doctor was put aboard to dress our hurts as we continued the journey. Both corpses were carried into St. Louis, and identification, but they could not be identified. As you have surmised, the paymaster's safe was a dummy. It did not contain one dollar. The whole job was put up to get hold of express money, and the fellows didn't propose to give us any chance to save our lives by giving it up. I think that one of the robbers who jumped: so came to his death, as a man was next day found at that spot who had been out in fragments under the wheels. Some parts of this adventure reached the press, but the express company hushed matters up in every way possible, and in this effort they were aided by the Government. It was afterward said that every member of the gang was a Chicago crook, and that the man who personated the paymaster at the train was the sergeant aboard my car.—N. Y. Sun.

AT AN IRISH WAKE.

How Celtic Mourners "Wake" the Dead—Chatting and Story-Telling Around the Corpse—The Ubiquitous Pipe and Black Bottle.

The custom of "waking" the dead in Ireland, says the London Spectator, though by no means existing in its ancient glory and vigor, still obtains in a modified and shorn form in many country districts. Briefly described, it amounts to this—that the neighbors of the deceased assemble and spend the night in the room with the corpse, chatting and telling stories; in the meanwhile, of course, taking "a blast" of the pipe, "a drop of the blarney" to sustain them during their vigil. The conversation on such occasions naturally turns, to a large extent, to the virtues of the departed, which are duly embellished with all the natural eloquence of the speakers. No one unfamiliar with Ireland can at all realize what a scene a "wake" presents; and we propose to give a sort of specimen of the conversation which prevails on such an occasion.

"The old fellow" is generally in a seat of honor, close by the head of the bed; she has been a nurse, perhaps, in the family, and as she rocks her aged body backward and forward she pours forth with a mellifluous Southern brogue, in a sad, wailing tone, a long piece of deliciously discursive domestic history. "Ah, wisha, wisha, love me alone, the mather was a grand man; Thade Regan was the grand man; he maked up to forty cows," this implies that he was a dairy-farmer whose stock amounted to that number. "Shure it's meself remembers the day at his wedding; Lard Edward was at home at the time by the same token, an' as he went by our cabin I heard me mother to say: 'By gar, there's th' lard up!' An' shure enough he was, for he was on his way to Tim Hoolahan's, who was minding th'ir hogs for him."

"The huge black bouquet which a season or two ago was one of the indispensable equipments of a fashionable woman has been revived in all its former glory. Miss Dorothy no longer carries in her hand to the opera, the ball or the luncheon her gold-lined bonbonniere and out-glass vinaigrette, but confines them to her oxidized girdle, while in their stead her two hands—so big are the dimensions—clasp a bouquet of gorgeous blossoms."

The favorite flowers, now that the chrysanthemum season is over, are the bouvardia, carnations and ever delightful roses, says the Detroit Free Press. These are massed in a solid sphere and out-lined with maiden-hair fern or other dainty green foliage. Of the roses the favorites depend upon the color, the more intense of the reds, yellows and what are called rose colors being generally preferred. Of the intermediate or dull shades but few are chosen. The debutante, of course, carries white.

One of the prettiest of the reds, and which enhances the beauty of the red toilet, now the extreme of fashion, is the Papa Gautier, its fine, long, large, red buds making it especially well liked. The good General Jacqueminot, Bon Silene and Marechal Niel will no doubt always remain in favor with rose-wearers, few of whom perhaps are aware of the interesting legend attached to each and which has been treated by one of our writers of fiction. According to this writer the Marechal Niel was rooted from the stem of one of a whole basket of roses presented by a French peasant to the returning warrior, sick and wounded, after his noted heroism in Italy, when France aided Victor Emanuel in driving out the Austrians. This particular shoot continuing to grow, Neil determined to keep it, and returning to France placed it in the hands of a noted floriculturist, and the next spring it bore four of the loveliest, pale lemon-tinted roses the world has ever seen. After having been awarded the cross of the Legion of Honor he was invited to a reception by the then Empress Eugenie, to whom he presented one of the roses, when she observed: "What a gladiolus you have! What of the old robe used to say in hisermons at Pan about casting the bread upon the waters! Dear me, but he was tedious, that good abbe," continued her Majesty, with the softest look of retrospection in her lovely dark eyes. "No, M. le Marechal," said she, vivaciously, "I shall christen this rose for you."

The Bon Silene is said to have sprung up from the cleft of a broken statue to the ancient Bishop Silenus. As none of the fathers had ever seen such a rose, one of them said he would be called the rose of the good Silenus. The Jacqueminot is a trifle more fanciful in origin. An irate father slew the lover of his daughter, upon which she died of a broken heart. There was a clump of Louis Quinze roses growing by the seat where the lovers were, and the General found them. These roses, which were red with the youth's blood and the girl's father ordered them out away. The next spring green shoots grew from the roots again, and one day the gardener said:

"Monsieur, will you come into the garden? There is a miracle to be seen."

Truly it seemed a miracle had been wrought. One splendid stem had grown up, and on it was a bud half opened. It was not pale pink, as the parent had been, but a cardinal, velvety red—a royal rose, full of grace and beauty.

The man who had never flinched at the sight of the wild Arab when the latter rode side by side with Kleber, and stood the shock of the Hungarian and Polish lancers, put his hands to his eyes and wept like a boy, and the old gardener turned his face away that he might not see the other's grief, while he softly whispered a prayer for the soul that had gone to God.

"Shall I cut it down, my master?" said the old man softly after a few minutes of silence.

"No; it is the flower of God, and let it grow."

It grew and flourished, and this is the story told of the origin of the queen of roses, which sprang from a lover's blood. An extremely beautiful rose bouquet is formed of American Beauties. One carried by a New York young woman was marvelously fragrant and lovely. And well it might be, for the sum paid for it was \$100. Fancy handing over ten shining golden eagles for roses for one lovely young woman to carry in her hand one evening. This bouquet was tied with a yard of pink ribbon, which reached to the ground.

Ropes Made of Women's Hair. Speaking before a meeting of the Methodist ministers, Bishop Fowler told of a new heathen temple in the northern part of Japan. It is of enormous size, and the timbers were hauled and placed in their present position by ropes made from the hair of the women of the province. An edict went forth calling for the long hair of the women, and enough was obtained to make two monster ropes—one 17 inches in circumference and 1,400 feet long, and the other 10 to 11 inches around and 2,000 feet long.

ROMANCE OF ROSES.

Interesting Legends Attached to Beautiful Flowers—Marechal Niel's Present to Empress Eugenie—The Bon Silene and Jacqueminot.

Then they for hardy roses,
That bloom the hellebore year,
The huge black bouquet which a season or two ago was one of the indispensable equipments of a fashionable woman has been revived in all its former glory. Miss Dorothy no longer carries in her hand to the opera, the ball or the luncheon her gold-lined bonbonniere and out-glass vinaigrette, but confines them to her oxidized girdle, while in their stead her two hands—so big are the dimensions—clasp a bouquet of gorgeous blossoms."

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Turtles Hatched by a Hen. A hen in Meigs County, O., hatched out some turtle eggs that were placed under her lately, and treats the little greeners as tenderly as she would chicks.

VARIETIES.

Enthusiasm (from Chicago)—I understand you have acquired Mr. Penneyfather, Maude.

Maud (of Gotham)—Yes, and we are to be married in the spring.

Ribel—He is such a foolish fellow, I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything.

Maudie—You couldn't, dear; you couldn't get your feet into them.

Religious old gentleman (who has just noticed small boy's friends depart for the interior of the circus tent)—Are you sorry your friends left you? Well, I am glad to see that you have enough sense to stay out of such a place."

Small boy (sorrowfully)—Tain't that, mister. I ain't got enough cents to go in.

It is related that Sir Nicholas Bacon was about to pass judgment upon a man who had been guilty of robbery, at that time punishable by death; but the culprit pleaded for mercy on the ground that he was related to the judge. "How is that?" he was asked. "My lord," he replied, "if your name is Bacon, mine is Hog; and hog and bacon have always been considered akin."

Workman calls to make some inside repairs. Lady of the house rings the bell, which is answered by the chambermaid, to whom she says, as she casts a suspicious glance at the honest artisan:

"Francisco, here, take my jewels and lock them up in the next room."

Workman, without blanching, takes off his watch and guard, which he hands to the apprentice, saying:

"Pierre, go and take those to the mistress; it appears things are not safe in this house."

Felix (to his mother)—Mamma (to family physician)—Doctor, what are the symptoms of this new disease?

Physician—It begins in many cases, madam, with a feeling of languor—an indisposition to any kind of exertion.

Willie (setting down the coal bucket)—I can feel it coming on, mamma.

Physician—And a total inability to eat anything.

Willie (plopping up the coal bucket again with great promptness)—But I don't think I am going to have it very bad.

An amusing story is being told that concerns the late emperor of Brazil. When the novelist Anthony Trollope was on a visit at the general post-office, Dom Pedro desired to inspect the building, and Trollope was deputed to show him over. He did so, and placed himself upon the fact that he carried out his task with remarkable tact and discretion. Dom Pedro apparently was of the same opinion, for, after taking his seat in his carriage, he sent an equestrian at top speed back to Trollope. The latter, thinking it was some one desiring to say farewell, held out his hand to a cordial shake, and then found to his horror that two half-crowns had been dropped into his palm.

"My first case in San Francisco," said Attorney James K. Wilder, to a reporter, "was the defense of a young fellow charged with stealing a watch belonging to a Catholic priest. I was appointed by the court, because the prisoner said he had no money."

"The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty, and, as the defendant was leaving the courtroom, I called him back, and, just as a joke, handed him my card and told him to bring me around the first \$40 he got."

"Next day he walked into my office and planked down two \$20's and a \$10."

"Where did you get all that money?" I demanded, as soon as I got over my surprise enough to speak.

"Sold the priest's watch," he replied, as he bowed himself out."

A Scotch clergyman in a recent lecture, said the peculiarity of the old Scotch elder or deacon was his power of expounding Scripture; he was never at a loss about the meaning of any passage. As an illustration of this, he said: An elder was reading and commenting upon the thirty-fourth Psalm, and the book being printed in the old style, when he came to verse thirteen he saw:

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile." The last two words he read aloud as "squeaking girls," and then he remarked by the way of exposition: "It is evident from this passage, the Scripture does not absolutely forbid kissing, but as in Christianity everything is to be done decently and in order, we are here encouraged by the passage to choose, rather, those girls that take it quietly, and not those that squeak under the operation."

At an old-fashioned hostelry in London, two gentlemen were dining, when a dispute arose as to what a pineapple was. One of the diners insisted that it was fruit. The other, with equal confidence, gave it as his opinion that a pineapple was a vegetable. A bet was made, and the friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter.

Now, the waiter was an old trusted servant of a past generation who had labored and waited in the same situation for years and years. He was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?"

The waiter rubbed his hands, placed his head on one side, and with a plying smile replied:

"It is neither, gentlemen. A pineapple is a he-train."

A good story is told on Bishop Grafton, of the diocese of Fond du Lac, says the Appleton Post. "One of his first visitations was at Waupun, where there has been much church discussion in the past, and while there he was the guest of Mrs. Webster. After the prelate retired, he was annoyed by a mouse in the room. He did not lie awake and wonder what could be done to abate it. He quietly arose, took the remains of a lunch which had been enjoying, placed it on top of a glass in the center of a wash-bowl, filled the bowl half full of water, placed a photograph from the table to the edge of the bowl so as to give the mouse a runway, then calmly went to bed. In a few moments he heard the patter of the mouse's feet on the photograph, a splash, a few struggles and all was quiet. Then the worthy bishop turned over and slept the sleep of the just. As Mrs. Webster remarked the next morning: Bishop Grafton will find no difficulty in governing the diocese, if he can so easily handle a mouse."

An amusing incident occurred in one of the down east churches a few months ago. The clerk came out the hymn:

"I love to steal away
From every coming care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, rapt prayer."

The regular chorister being absent, the duty devolved upon good old Deacon M., who commenced, "I love to steal," and then broke down. Raising his voice a little higher, he then sang, "I love to steal." As before he

concluded he had got the wrong pitch; and, deploring that he had not his "pitch-tuner," he determined to succeed if he died in the attempt. By this time all the old ladies were tittering behind their fans, while the faces of the "young ones" were all in a broad grin. At length, after a desperate cough, he made a final demonstration and roared out, "I love to steal." This effort was too much. Every one but the eccentric parson was laughing. He arose, and with the utmost coolness said: "Seeing our brother's propensities, let us pray." It is needless to say that but few of the congregation heard the prayer.

When Judge Rombauer was on the bench one day made a ruling against a young attorney, whose superiority of diploma was only equalled by his scant knowledge of the law. Much disgusted the lawyer said:

"I don't know where your honor goes to find such law as that."

When ruffled Judge Rombauer speaks with a strong Bohemian accent, and he replied in very emphatic language:

"I am not surprised, Mr. —, zat you know not where I go to find zo law, for I find it in ze books."

The second incident was that wherein in a large hall overruled a motion of Counselor Jarvey, one of the best known lawyers at the St. Louis bar. The counselor is usually most respectful to the court, but he lost his temper this time, and declared in his broad though rich and cultured Irish brogue:

"Your honor, I hope for your honor's honor that it will never be raised about your honor's hurt that this honorable court ever made a ruling so dishonorable to its own honor."

A VALUABLE DOG—A gentleman with a dog entered a restaurant, and asked for a bill of fare. The waiter replied:

"What shall I get you, sir?"

"I will take a couple of poached eggs to start with."

"And so will I," said the dog, who had perched himself on a chair by the side of his master.

The waiter looked scared. A few moments later the guest called out:

"Water, please bring me some roast beef and potatoes."

"And me, too," added the dog.

Intense stupefaction on the part of the waiter.

At the next table was an Englishman, who now looked up and said:

"You must have taken immense trouble to teach that dog to talk."

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"You would do me to put him?"

"Not for any money."

"Pr'y don't sell me!" exclaimed the dog in suppliant tones.

"Would you take \$1,000 for him?" said the Englishman, eagerly.

"A thousand pounds is quite a large sum," was the reply.

At length the bargain was struck. The Englishman wrote out a check for \$1,000 and took up the dog.

"As you have sold me," said the dog, turning round and looking at his old master, "I'll have my revenge, and won't speak any more."

Neither he did.

Of course it was ventriloquism.

Chaff.

Fred Thread—I don't like the looks of that needle.

Mrs. Thread—It has got a bad eye.

Everything that is nice in this world grows on the other side of a barbed-wire fence.

Don't treat a man with a nempt because he is poor. Simply have nothing to do with him.

Why is the editor's waste-basket like Westminster Abbey?—Because he buries the poets in it.

Jags—I've got a good one, Bags—Keep it, my boy, keep it. Don't spoil it by telling it in your inimitable way.

Jags—Have a cigar, Bags? Bags—No, thanks, Jags—But this is one of those you gave me yesterday. Bags—I know it.

Orderly Sergeant (to recruit)—By Jove, you keep your mouth as wide open as if you were Columbus the first time he saw New York.

It was the Presbyterian pastor's little daughter (in these pre-revival times) who asked: "Papa, do you believe in a personal Santa Claus?"

Charley—How in the world, Garge, do you manage to see with that single eye-glass of yours? Garge—My dear fellow, I see with the other eye.

The consistent minister will not preach steadily for two hours upon the iniquity of lying and then blandly ask one of the leading members of the congregation how he liked the sermon.

Harry—And, dearest, do you think of me all the day long? Dearest—I did, Harry; but the days are getting longer now, and the nights are getting shorter, and that must make some difference.

Marjorie—Aren't you afraid that your frequent outcry may drive some of your admirers to desperation? Ethel—It is a matter of indifference to me so long as it is not done in the house.
